Ebony by BlackStatic

Category: Danny Phantom
Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Bullying, Gender Dysphoria, Homophobia, Transphobia, danny has DID - dissociative identity disorder, danny is transmasc, ember and skulker are siblings, everything is kinda gritty synthwave-80s au if you squint at it, kinda pitchpearl in some places, more tags to be added later, sam is a transphobic TERF, tucker means well but he's not exactly well educated either, vlad is danny and jazz's foster father
Characters: Danny Fenton, Ember McLain, Jazz Fenton, Johnny 13 (Danny Phantom), Kitty (Danny Phantom), More to be added later, Nicolai Technus, Skulker (Danny Phantom), Vlad Masters
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Summary:

Vlad learns the hard way that buying a car for his foster son's 18th birthday is a terrible idea... or is it? This may just be the lucky break that Danny needs.

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Danny Fenton, Danny Fenton/Ember McLain, Jack Fenton/Vlad Masters, Johnny 13/Kitty (Danny Phantom), Technus/Skulker, Tucker Foley/Sam Manson
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Ebony

Author's Note:

> First fic for Danny Phantom. Mostly unbeta'd and certain people may seem OOC, so please be gentle with criticism. May also remove certain chunks of chapters at any given time.
>
> This is a TUE-divergent universe where Danny and Jazz moved out to live with Vlad. Phantom Planet also never happened.

“Oh. My. GOD.”

The boy's screech was definitely inhuman. His sister instinctively covered her ears, mouthing the words “bad idea” as she glared daggers across the driveway. Vlad was starting to think she was right.

Circling his birthday present like a moth drawn to a flame, the eighteen year old hovered a few inches off the ground, repressing another tiny squeal. Vlad couldn’t help but smile inwardly as the halfa’s face lit up. He was practically glowing with excitement over what was actually a pretty ordinary present to give to any young adult who had recently left home.

To Danny, though, his life had been changed.

Sleek, sporty and polished to perfection, a glossy black paint job made the Nissan Skyline look like a panther carved in onyx, poised ready to attack the moment he put his foot on the accelerator. He wondered if it growled like one as well and at this thought, the phantom felt a shiver of pure adrenaline surge from his core and send chills down his spine. He *had* to get behind the wheel.

Jazz, on the other hand, looked like she had seen one too many dangerous beasts.

“Of all the crazy, dumb, terrible things that could happen to my brother.” The redhead folded her arms. “This has got to be the *worst*.

And that's saying something! I mean, compared to the time he--"

"Relax." The older man chuckled. "Daniel is an exceptionally quick learner, I'm sure he'll manage just fine."

"Excuse me, but did your brain die as well?" She punctuated her words with venom. "You're. Letting. Danny. *Drive.*"

"I'm more worried about him letting you drive." Danny barely managed to drag himself away long enough to focus on the conversation. "I've never seen someone parallel park at a perfect forty-five degree angle before."

His sister snarled and Danny quickly turned himself intangible to avoid a fierce punch. Jazz stumbled as she lost her balance, bracing herself against the car's rear spoiler. Though he didn't want to admit it, Vlad couldn't help but agree with the ghost boy's comment. She was as bad of a driver as Jack.

"Well," she huffed. "Let's just hope Black Beauty--"

"Her name is Ebony."

"...Ebony?" Vlad bit back a chuckle. "Interesting choice."

The woman continued, her voice growing bitter. "As I was saying, let's hope that…. Ebony, here... doesn't end up parked at a *ninety* degree angle."

"Ten bucks says I'm still the better driver." He smirked, eyes flashing green with mischief. "Or you can pay me in Nasty Burger meals, if you like."

Jazz groaned. "I meant in the bottom of a ditch, Danny."

"I'm already half dead." Her brother ignored her, checking his reflection in a side mirror as he reverted back to his human form, smoothing down his black mess of haircut. "I can just phase through the windscreen if anything bad happens."

"Let's hope it doesn't." Vlad cut the two siblings off before they could argue any longer. "Jasmine is right. This car is not a toy, Daniel. I'm

entrusting you with this gift because I believe you to be--”

“A responsible adult, who could learn some valuable skills towards achieving independence.” Danny waved his hand dismissively. “Yeah yeah, I get it old man. I’ll be careful.”

The older halfa raised an eyebrow. For a short moment, Danny was sure he could feel the sharp gaze of Plasmius scrutinizing him. He shrunk back, lowering to the ground as his childhood anxiety crept forward. While they had put most of their past behind them, the ghost boy could never be sure how close to the line he was stepping.

“Daniel.” The man’s voice softened as he noticed Danny flinch. “Can I trust you?”

“...Yes.” He gave a small nod. “You can.”

“Well then.” His former rival seemed to understand and with a slight smirk, Vlad reached into his pocket, pulling out a set of keys and handing them over. “Your instructor will be arriving in three day's time.”

“Sweet!” Danny snatched them up, flying off in the direction of the town. “Wait until I tell Sam and Tucker!”

“Don’t lose them!”

“And for crying out loud, Danny!” Jazz barked after him “You’re in *broad daylight*! Keep your powers hidd--”

But he was already gone. Jazz rolled her eyes, knowing all too well the risks they were about to be taking. Vlad turned to see her scowling.

“I’m sure he’ll be fine.”

“You,” she regarded him coldly “have just made a terrible, terrible mistake.”

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“Jack… what is that?”

A large hand slapped onto the hood of the object in question, followed by an enthusiastic grin. "Our new van! Like it?"

Vlad bit his lip in an effort to hide the curl of disgust his mouth wanted to make in response. The lump of metal sitting at the curb in front of him couldn't be called a vehicle, even if he were to squint. Not that his best friend would have seen the reaction anyway. Off he went circling the... thing... explaining the many ideas he had to fix it up. And absolutely none of them would work.

"Jack."

He just kept going, opening doors and showing this 'project' off.

"JACK."

Pausing mid motion of opening the side door, Jack finally looked over at his college roommate. "Yeah, Vladdie?"

He nodded, glad for Jack's attention.

"You can't possibly strip this down and build it up. Just look at the frame." Vlad waved a hand to the worst of the spots for emphasis, "the damn thing's rusted through. You'd have better luck taking scrap metal and welding it into a vague car shape."

They stared at each other in a long, drawn out silence. A slow grin began forming on one of them and a pit of dread settled in the other.

"Jack…" Vlad hesitantly said in growing horror. "That hadn't been a suggestion."

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After everything else his friends had done for him over the years, it only seemed fair that Danny Fenton be the one to help Sam and Tucker out for a change. It had taken six months, but the halfa had finally gotten his licence. What better way to flaunt his badass wheels than to offer his two childhood friends a ride downtown? Well, that and he hadn't been spending much time with them lately...

Why should I? A bitter voice prodded at the back of his mind. *They*

haven't invited me out with them ever since--

He bit the inside of his cheek to shut the voice up, only to be met with a low, rumbling noise like crashing waves in his temples. *No, I'm having a good day today.*

I don't need them around to have a good day. The rumbling thought protested louder. *I'd be having a better day if I took a Nasty Meal out to the lake and ditched them completely.*

Danny felt the corner of his mouth twitch with a slight smirk, but it shortly found its way back into a frown. *I already made plans though. I'm not turning this car around.*

This is even stupider than the Ghostca--

But Danny wasn't listening to his pessimistic thoughts any longer. He stared ahead as the stop light changed to green, accelerating towards Downtown Amity Park with a faint headache forming behind his left eyebrow.

Although the halfa did had to admit, now that the ghostly activity had quietened considerably over the last few months, he was beginning to feel a lot like a third wheel - especially when Tucker was starting to hunt down a whole new kind of PDA with his favourite goth in the back seat of their personal taxi.

It was times like this that Danny almost began to sympathize with his older sister, because babysitting the two lovebirds was starting to get real old, real fast.

"Guys." He restrained the growl of annoyance in the back of his throat. "Can you maybe wait until we're in the movie? I'd like to have eyes to watch it with."

"What's up, Danny?" Tucker pulled away just long enough to reply, his face smeared with black lipstick. "You're not feeling *jealous*, are you?"

"Absolutely not." *Why would I feel jealous of the people who rejected me?*

Danny rolled his eyes at his ghost's bitter comment, but his shoulders tensed anyway. Sam must have noticed, because she straightened up in her seat to glare at him through the rear view mirror.

"Let us have our fun, Danny." She adjusted the strap of her top, which had slipped off her shoulder in a not-so-subtle manner. "Just because you haven't found a boyfriend yet."

Ignore it, Phantom. Danny felt the hairs on the back of his neck start to prickle. *Don't let it get to you.*

"Girlfriend, Sam." Tucker interjected. "Danny is looking for a girlfriend."

The halfa let out a short, sharp cough, gripping the steering wheel as his shoulders tensed. He felt his knuckles grow cold, but continued to focus on the road.

"How's that going to work though?" The goth continued, unaware of her friend's discomfort. "Would that be lesbia--"

She was cut off as the car suddenly veered sharply to the left, throwing her against the passenger window.

"Ow, fuck!" Tucker rubbed at the bruise on his elbow. "What gives, dude?"

"Sorry, cat on the road." Danny lied through his teeth, staring ahead as he tried to solidify his hands again. "Didn't want to hit it."

"Well then," Sam spat angrily. "Maybe you could, I don't know, *focus on the road?"*

"Working on it." *Maybe you should work on not misgendering me either.*

They continued the rest of their drive in uncomfortable silence.

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"We have to convince the public," Doggy Barko turned to his sidekick. "That the raisins eating family pets are not dangerous!"

Tucker's rustling popcorn once again tore through the immersion of the film. Not that Danny really cared, to be honest. While he could usually take Tucker's crude sense of humor, it didn't matter how many people were comically mauled to death by killer fruit. Any movie called *Hellraisin* could only hold his attention for so long.

Even so.... he really, really hated the sound of rustling paper every five minutes. With a low growl, the halfa glanced over at the seats next to him. He found Sam leaning into her boyfriend's shoulder, hand reaching for the paper bag which was seated between his legs, suspiciously close to his… Okay yeah no.

Danny sighed heavily as he snuck out of the theatre. As he sulked down the aisles, he failed to notice the gang of jocks grinning in the back row, until something whacked him on the back of the head and dripped strawberry milkshake down his jacket.

"What's wrong, *Danielle?*" Dash's nasally, grating voice jeered after him. "Just got dumped?"

"What a shame." One of the others chipped in. "Looks like she was just getting wet as well!"

It took every ounce of self control for Danny not to turn around and punch them. He grit his teeth, ready to keep walking, when he suddenly heard the bully screech in surprise.

"What the fuck!?" Dash snarled, tearing off his smouldering shoe. "I told you not to smoke in here, Kwan!"

"It wasn't me!" The other jock hissed back. "You know I gave up a week ag--"

"Who's making so much damn noise?!"

Grateful for the distraction, Danny took the opportunity to turn himself invisible and quickly leave. But who caused the fire? Tucker and Sam were five rows down, it couldn't possibly have been--

He felt a cold shiver down his spine, only it wasn't from the milkshake.

Really, a ghost now of all times? Phantom snarled in the back of his head. To be honest, though, Danny was inclined to agree, he really wasn't in the mood fight anyone.

But what about Sam and Tu-- a sharp pain shot through his forehead. *Fuck them, I'm going home.*